CCRC NEWS

Spring 2006

the journal of

Chichester Cruiser Racing Club

CHICHESTER CRUISER RACING CLUB

Officers 2006

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Cover picture: *Jo Jo Gunne* seeks Santa's help to whistle for a Christmas wind (Photo: Rudolph Rednose)

Commodore's Forward

Welcome to the first edition of CCRC News for 2006.

The sailing has got off to a flying start with good turnouts for the first bay race shakedown and the Seaview / Beaulieu weekend. With the healthy influx of new members, I hope we are in for a bumper year.

The Alpha fleet is as competitive as ever with a few niggles about the Commodore's new non spinnaker handicap. The May Day week-end racing was quite extraordinary in the way the results ended up in the Alpha fleet, with boats winning from behind in nearly every race. The old motto that it is never over until the fat lady sings was never more true.

The Beta fleet is the place to be it seems. With the largest fleet and keen racing, this provides a great opportunity to refine your racing skills and to compare and improve boat speeds.

The social programme for the year is better than ever with lots of variety. Remember to book early.

The cruise to Seine Bay is hugely popular and promises to be one of the biggest contingents of CCRC yachts to cross the channel.

Any potential new members should contact Pam Marrs and register your interest. You can race as a guest boat and see what it is all about before joining. Crew members are always in healthy demand. Please contact Hugh Caldwell for details of how to get crewing on CCRC yachts.

On a serious note, please do not forget to check your Pains Wessex white flares. A much publicized tragedy has resulted in all white flares being recalled.

Finally, don't forget we have a new two handed series. For more information, please see our new website www.ccrc.co.uk

Good sailing **Robert McLeod**

"Go south 'til the butter melts, then turn west" - *Jezebel* sails the ARC

by John Skillicorn *(Jezebel)*

John and Margaret Skillicorn sailed from Las Palmas in the Canary Islands in *Jezebel*, their J-42, on Sunday 20 November 2005 with 224 other yachts taking part in last year's Atlantic Rally for Cruisers. They were crewed by Mike Ware and Mike and Liz Taylor-Jones. *Jezebel* arrived at St Lucia just over 20 days later on Sunday 11 December after a 2,700 mile Atlantic crossing and was placed 119th overall.

"Sail south until the butter melts, then turn west" - that is the traditional advice given to all those yachts which take part in the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers. So knowledgeable CCRC friends who keenly followed *Jezebel's* daily progress on the ARC website were somewhat mystified to see that she had turned westward after only three days. On their behalf the Editor of CCRC News sent the following e-mail to John on Thursday 24 November seeking clarification:

"Those of us at CCRC following the progress of *Jezebel* had a bit of a surprise on Thursday (24 Nov) to find she had moved up to 11th overall from 140th on Wednesday. On inspecting the details we saw this had been achieved at a speed of 88 knots! Those of us who play with computers are well familiar with the saying 'Rubbish in, rubbish out'! Today's noon placing has *Jezebel* 134th with 2,339 miles to go to St Lucia - 207 miles more than on Thursday. Somewhere along the line her longitude on Thursday was incorrectly recorded as 24 degrees west. Today's (25 Nov) longitude is given as 20 degrees west and *Jezebel's* speed as a more probable but commendable 10 knots. Her individual chartlet on the ARC website shows a massive tack back towards the African coast. A great tack but not as fast as Thursday's. Funny things computers!" This elicited the following response:

Sunday evening 27 November: "Ah! So you spotted my cunning plan to demoralise the opposition. On the other hand, there are some that believe that I should never be let loose near a computer keyboard.

"Progress has been mixed. Currently we are some 60 miles NW of the Cape Verde Islands and 400 miles off Mauritania (wherever that is - except not a popular view, I accept, of those from what I am sure is a very delightful country). To begin with, the start was in light winds which soon filled in on the nose with a F6 as we sailed south past Gran Canaria. After a wet beat, Monday produced ever fading airs so that after fighting F1 and F2 winds nearly all day the engine was engaged for some seven hours. Tuesday was much the same. Wednesday arrived - as in my experience it often does - with us continuing to struggle with variable winds to make progress to the west where we wanted to be rather than just south. Since then we have had a few decent blows, allowing pleasant broad reaches under full main and genoa. Our routing adviser wants us to continue going south past the Cape Verdes in the expectation that we shall find the trade winds within the next 36 hours. We have now just 2,069 miles to go.

Life aboard is characterised by four hours on watch and then six hours of sleep, cooking, eating and my turn again to do janitorial duties (bog cleaning). Relaxing is not the name of the game. The crew, a motley lot, comprises Maggie, Mike and Liz Taylor-Jones - very experienced east coast sailors - Mike Ware and me. Fresh food is beginning to run low as it simply won't stay fresh in these climes. However, we have four hands of bananas which have been cunningly hidden away in various parts of the boat with the idea that they will ripen at different times. Fat chance! I can begin to see banana soup, banana omelettes, banana sandwiches and just plain bananas appearing on a typical menu. It is getting hotter and certainly clammier below - I thought you would like to know that - although nights have been much cooler. As for booze, there is a house limit of one beer per head per day. If this seems mean, you should see

the problems of trying to stow the total quantities involved.

"We have suffered a small number of minor breakages. Two blocks have nearly disintegrated and been replaced, whilst a third has fallen apart. So much for preventative maintenance! A more inconvenient problem has been the inability of the watermaker to make water except on one tack and then only if we are moving slowly. It looks like we are going to have to stop the boat a good few times whenever conditions allow, just to make water. A bl**dy nuisance. I am longing for a shower and a wash other than with just one cup full of water.

"Otherwise, looking out of the window there is not a lot to report. There is water to the left of us and guess what to the right? No yachts are in sight, although there was one earlier today for a few hours before it gybed away (blast, as it was giving us something to race). One noticeable thing, however, is that one can see masthead lights by night but rarely any boats appear by day, when it must be that they hide from us.

"If you can arrange for urgent spares to be delivered it would be appreciated. I have in mind:- (1) a box of chap's things. (2) some hot water. (3) assorted thingamajigs. (4) a pith helmet, and (5) a tub of chocolate chip ice cream.

PS (a) we had our first two flying fishes to be found on deck this morning. (b) I'm growing a beard (John that is, not Maggie). (3) Would you also send a packet of Player's Navy Cut cigarettes so that I can copy the picture to trim the beard like King George V's.
PPS What's happened in the Archers?

The following e-mail was sent to Jezebel on 30 November: "Congrats on moving up ARC list by three places to 140th at noon today (30 Nov). Skyhunter is only 142 miles ahead - seven fewer than yesterday. CCRC friends delighted to read your e-mail and send best wishes.

Roger Morris did ARC last year and says you 'should hit the trades soon and then the fun begins'. Previous participants say rainwater caught off boom is solution to malfunctioning water maker! Glad you avoided tropical storm Delta which hit the Canaries a day or so ago, delaying start of trans-Atlantic rowing race. Effective pith helmets can be made from old copies of Daily Telegraph soaked in sea water and moulded round outside of head-shape plastic washing up bowl, then dried in sun. Sending choc chip ices via pigeon post for midway celebration; hope sun doesn't melt before delivery."

Friday 2 December: "Well, the trades have come in. They arrived the day before yesterday, late and much more to the south than in most years. Hence, why we were routed down here below latitude 15N, and hope that it may now pay off, certainly compared with those boats that stayed north and heading west long before we were advised to (tut, tut, ending a sentence with a preposition). It will make interesting comparison with *Skyhunter*, our sistership J42. During the first day we ran alongside one another until gradually pulling apart as they went west and we sailed south. On the other hand she should be faster, being 500lbs lighter, of deeper draft and carrying a range of spinnakers, including one of those Parasailor things.

"We hadn't seen another boat for two days - worrying, but they are out there somewhere, or so we hoped until last night when we saw lights of two other yachts. Mike, though, has seen a flock of birds (of unknown seagull like variety), a turtle and a Cape Verde Island poking its nose through the clouds. Routines continue much the same: eating, sleeping, watch keeping and janitorial duties. The one difference is that they are done to a continual rolling of *Jezebel* from side to side. All part of the fun they say of trade wind sailing. Damned nuisance, say I, risks spilling my drink. We are trying to stay fresh (unlike some of the food aboard), but water remains a valued commodity. The water maker is not producing water and is a considerable disappointment. Ed (of Gunshot infamy) recommended white cabbage as a vegetable and he is right. It is

OK and is outlasting much else. We threw away the last green beans yesterday as they were looking less than Tesco fresh.

"My beard is coming along nicely. I have great expectations that it will lead me to another source of revenue in the near future. Do you think that there may be a large department store in Rodney Bay, St Lucia, looking for a Father Christmas lookalike during December?

"It rained twice yesterday! I continue to wait for the arrival of the box of assorted gentleman's things!!

PS (a) Which way round should the pith helmet be worn? (b) I would enclose a half crown postal order but I haven't got a stamp.

The following e-mail was sent to Jezebel on Sunday 4 December: "Congrats on moving up the ARC placings from 139 on Thursday 1 Dec to 122 today. We calculate you should pass the 1,000 miles to go mark sometime on Monday and be very close to the finish by the end of the week. Sky Hunter was 147 miles ahead at noon today at N14.4.0 and W43.18. First two boats, Leopard of London and Acaia Cube, have finished. Many thanks for your latest which is being circulated to CCRC. Can't offer much help re your watermaker problem, but I could seek on phone advice from manufacturers if you let me know their name. Meanwhile, inverted pith helmet could be used to catch rainwater."

Saturday 10 December: "Thanks for the encouraging e-mails. The end (D.V.) seems to be in sight - metaphorically speaking. Currently we have 200 miles to go and, fingers crossed, we think we should cross the finish line sometime early Sunday morning (UTC). We have out a triple reefed main and about a 50% genoa in seas fairly rolly from the starboard quarter. This gave us a top speed yesterday of 13.3 knots in winds gusting 35 knots. In any event we are averaging around 8 knots.

"Our excitement during the night was a large flying fish landing on Mike T-J's head as he slept below. It had arrived thro' the central hatch. There were further shrieks from Mike and Maggie as attempts were made to catch and remove it. Of course, I stayed calm throughout.
Saw one yacht yesterday, briefly.

"Would you tell Hugh that he can borrow the beard for his Father Christmas role, but does he want it with the bird's nest, Thursday's lost sausage and the spanner I mislaid the other day? All these and other goodies can be found somewhere nestling in this luxuriant growth.
I am looking forward to a good bath!

Tuesday 31 January 2006: "It's been a while since we have been in touch but then there has been little to report on the sailing front. The last days of the ARC for us were characterised by very positive winds with *Jezebel* sailing at between 7 and 9 knots (13.3 knots was the highest we recorded) virtually the whole time. It seems strange in retrospect that we could almost take for granted these sorts of speeds for day after day, whereas at home we get quite excited if we manage them for an hour or two.

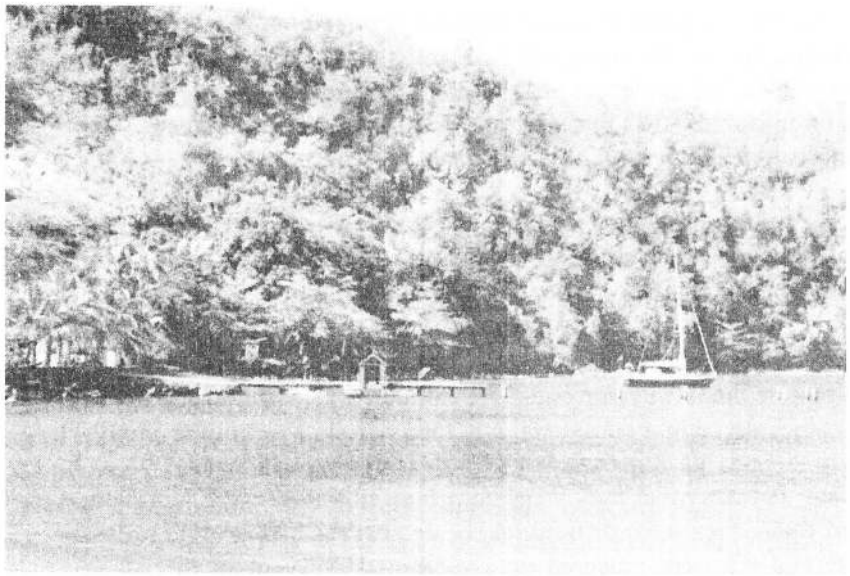
"Anyway, we arrived at St Lucia in the dark and had to cross the north of the island to sail down the north-west coast to enter Rodney Bay, where the committee boat for the finish line was anchored. There had been loads of warnings about the possible difficulties of entering the bay and not least of which was that for the first time in weeks we would be on the wind. We had rehearsed therefore an action plan for our approach particularly about passing Pigeon Island, a one time British stronghold when the rest of the island was French, which guards the entrance to the bay. We knew that there could be difficulties in identifying the finish line and the committee boat in the very dark bay but at the same time against bright lights from the shore. Boats had been told to call up the committee boat when five miles off and again at two miles, not least because the volunteers doing the job were out there

often for 48 hours and as a consequence deserved some warning of an impending arrival. When we did call it was reassuring to hear the voice of friends we had made last year when doing Rally Portugal. They had gone on to do the ARC that year and had returned to volunteer to carry out these duties by way of a thank you.

"As *Jezebel* was hardened up to come into the bay, which at night does not seem over large, all eyes aboard were searching out the strobe light on the committee boat. They had already warned us that the buoy marking the other end of the line was missing (it had been nicked by some b*****d) but with a small degree of heart beating, at least on my part, that at the 11th hour and 59th minute we were not going to hit something, we caught occasional and then regular sight of the light. In fact the biggest hazard probably was the number of anchored boats in the bay. It wasn't that they were unlit but rather that there was a good few of them, they were difficult to see against the background of lights ashore and we were powered up not being 100% certain of precisely what lay ahead.

"Once over the line and with sails dropped we found the channel leading to the marina. Just by the entrance, which for the first time in the dark did not seem over wide, are a couple of bars - it was about 11 o'clock on a Saturday night - and in a blaze of light from them and loud Caribbean music there were calls of 'welcome to St Lucia'. It was lovely! Even better was the greeting we received from some of the ARC team as we came on our berth. Apart from the cheering and the sounding of claxons from other boats there was a steel band (actually it was one man playing a small steel drum), a basket of Caribbean fruit, a bottle of rum and glasses of rum punch for us all.

"We have since remained in St Lucia. After Mike, Mike & Liz returned home we entered the local St Lucia Sailing Club regatta. It was over three days, not too serious and good fun with a majority of the entrants



***Jezebel* at anchor in Wallilabou Bay St Vincent, The Grenadines (Photo: Glenn Jones)**

from the ARC. This led us nicely up to Christmas, which we again spent at the Yacht Club with friends we had made from the ARC. It was the first time we had been swimming on Christmas Day - generally we have found the Serpentine a trifle too uninviting at that time of year - and there is much to commend sand between the toes and warm water.

"We returned home a couple of days later so that we could go to South Africa. I thought that it was so we could see the Volvo boats in Cape Town, which we did, but Maggie insisted that it was to attend our younger son's wedding. Whilst that is another story, we are much taken by the country and wouldn't mind even half an excuse to go back.

"BA brought us back to St Lucia just over a week ago. The plan is to

sail next up to Martinique, the next island north, but we have been delayed by unusually strong winds on almost every day, plus us suffering a bit from 'island time'. It has also rained heavily on most days; in fact today we have hardly been able to leave the boat for any length of time, but at least it is comfortably warm. We are hoping that the forecast will remain true and, if so, it should allow us to sail the day after tomorrow.

Thursday 2 February 2006: "Currently we are anchored at Marin Bay which is at the southern end of Martinique. In many respects it is like being back in France - which indeed technically it is. The shops are manned largely by white people, the currency is the Euro and the goods are those you might expect to buy in mainland France. This is all a bit of a contrast with St Lucia. The one similarity, though not surprisingly, is the weather. It is hot. We are able to pick up the daily weather forecast from St Lucia, which each day says there is a 20% chance of rain. Now I am not sure what odds you might get on this basis from William Hill as to it actually raining, but I can tell you it is a racing certainty. There has been not a day when it hasn't bl**dy rained. In fact, as I type this it is raining. The problem it creates is that we then have to shut the hatches and windows and in this climate the result is that it is hot and stuffy below. Aaaghh!"

Singing in the rain

CCRC Race Report Sunday 23 April

by Bill Woods *(Saphire)*

After an excellent fitting out supper on a rare sunny Saturday, a CCRC contingent of 14 boats were looking forward to Sunday and the first race of the 2006 season. The morning dawned wet and windless and as *Saphire* came around West Pole we could see the assembled fleet ahead of us clustered around Hard. Bill Cartlidge on *Penrose* provided his usual BBC-quality radio

communication and course broadcasts so that, unusually for us, by the time we arrived at the start line we knew exactly where to go next. That was, until I misjudged the tide. The Beta fleet started smoothly at 10.30 beating northwards towards Chi in about 1.5 knots of north-easterly wind. Bill had set a triangle and sausage course with Bay forming the northerly point of the triangle.

Although it was a neap tide, it had a strong southerly set, consequently *Saphire* was still crossing the start line at 10.40 when the Alpha fleet drifted across and disappeared into the gloom! Things could only get better.

Blue Tango and *Samurai* fared well up the first beat holding on to the favoured starboard tack for as long as possible. Jackie and Robert on *Arwen* proved remarkably fleet of foot in the light conditions and quickly hoisted their gennaker as they rounded Chi in close contact with the rest of the Beta fleet. *Jo Jo Gunne* and *Sareema* were quickly on the same leg with *Sycorax*, *Temptress* and *Markova* in pursuit. Meanwhile *Saphire* and Bob Garrett on *Intrepid* cross tacked into strengthening tide towards the first mark.

The spinnakers blossomed between Chi and Bay and then the wind strengthened with a decent reach down to Hard in about six knots of wind. Unusually, *Saphire's* spinnaker did not blossom with its accustomed speed. Travers, *Saphire's* spinnaker expert, seemed to be lying down on the foredeck next to the spinnaker pole. Its piston had corroded, seizing the jaws around the fixing ring on the stanchion and defying the strongest pull on the release rope. One mile later the largest adjustable grips the boat carries triumphed over the piston and just before Bay the spinnaker was launched. What next I wondered?

Amazingly we were still in contact with David Perrin on *The Harribelle* thanks to Samantha's excellent work on the spinnaker sheet. But, David gradually pulled away as the wind strengthened and veered creating a very tight reach down to Hard. By now the Alpha fleet and Beta leaders were returning on the sausage leg from Chi to Hard. With the wind now consistently between four and six knots, and the sun threatening to appear, the fleet sailed up to Chi on a single tack and soon spinnakers were opening on the penultimate southward leg to Hard. *Saphire* made a brave attempt at launching the spinnaker inside the genoa but the helm decided that the crew had had enough fun for one day so the spinnaker was doused and *Saphire* completed the leg under white sails. Meanwhile, *Blue Tango*, *Delfini*, *Samurai* and *Walkabout* were half way to the finish line with *Arwen*, *The Harribelle* and *Intrepid* in close pursuit and most of the Alpha fleet through the line and on their way to the bar. Given *Saphire's* teething troubles I was very pleased to finish on the same leg as *Arwen* that had sailed convincingly in the light winds.

Maximum points in the Alpha fleet went to *Jo Jo Gunne* with *Sareema* five and *Sycorax* only seven minutes behind on corrected time. In the Beta fleet *Samurai*, the hot favourite in light winds, was narrowly beaten by a strong performance by a new member, Nigel Purkis in *Blue Tango*. Peter Dovey, another new member was only 47 seconds behind in third place in *Delfini*. The rest of the Beta fleet finished within 10 minutes of *Arwen* after an enjoyable race. If the racing continues at this level, enriched by new members, CCRC is in for a very successful season.

Over-tasked

Chichester to Seaview, Saturday 29 April

By Caroline Sewell *(Arcadia)*

Heading out towards the start line as *Arcadia's* only crew member I felt somewhat 'over–tasked'! *Sycorax* approached looking all friendly and asked a very strange question. I couldn't see any nautical relevance to it at all. "How are your literary skills?" says Brian We smile politely and say, "fine thank you", although this is a lie as Martin's spelling is appalling! Then we are nominated as Race Scribe. So now I have three jobs, first (and last) mate, galley slave and scribe.

I have a very cunning plan and suggest to my skipper that we get the other side of the start line so we can see all the jostling for position and then follow the fleet and we will see what is going on ahead of us. And you horrid lot thought we'd made a pig's ear of the start!! All in the name of duty I tell you, to get a good report written!

Well by the time I had written this first paragraph and put my head up again we had, apparently, rounded the first mark and were catching up quite nicely. It was colourful up ahead as various spinnies went up. My skipper was under pain of death if he even dared to think about putting ours up with just me on board! The little wistful look on his face did nearly melt my resolve but I stood firm, dear sailors, I stood firm!

I decided Bart would like to see this so familiar sight from Arcadia, (all the other boats up ahead!) so I take a photo with my new camera phone and send it to him. I'm sure he will text back some suitable encouragement!

I look up again and see *Jo Jo Gunne* steaming by. She looks so blue and white and perfect. My skipper says a better term would be to say

she's moving through the water well, but I'm the one writing this and anyway it's downright demoralising frankly. Aah but things are looking up. There is *Slipstream* and Martin is smiling again at last. He says we are catching them. That is good news indeed. We really can't let them beat us over the line. Although they tell me it's more than beating them over the line that is required now, as some unsportsmanlike person has altered our handicap! I consider now that perhaps we should start throwing things overboard to lighten the boat. Bart is always saying we have too much on board. He can't understand the need for carrying everything we need to build a house if we are per chance marooned on some desert island. My skipper thinks I am now getting too competitive and says there is no need to take such drastic measures so I pipe down and get writing this again.

Oh, dear here comes *Gunshot* – moving through the water well, looking very graceful as they glide on by. Why, oh why do the boys put themselves through this, it is so frustrating!!

I now write at the end of the day as we sit at Gunwharf. The end of the race did get quite exciting. We all got a bit tangled up with some rather large tanker who seemed to think it was foggy as he kept sounding one long blast every two minutes. I know this is a fog signal. (I have passed my Day Skipper twice now!!) but I think he was feeling perplexed as to why we all seemed unable to see him. But as I am slowly learning, racing is a pretty serious business and one really mustn't be unduly worried about tankers!! Anyway this was our opportunity to sneak past *Slipstream,* which I am proud to say we did. It was neck and neck to the line and we pipped her over it but she won anyway because of the handicap, so there we go!!

"We was robbed!"

Spring Bank Holiday series - Race 2, 29 April

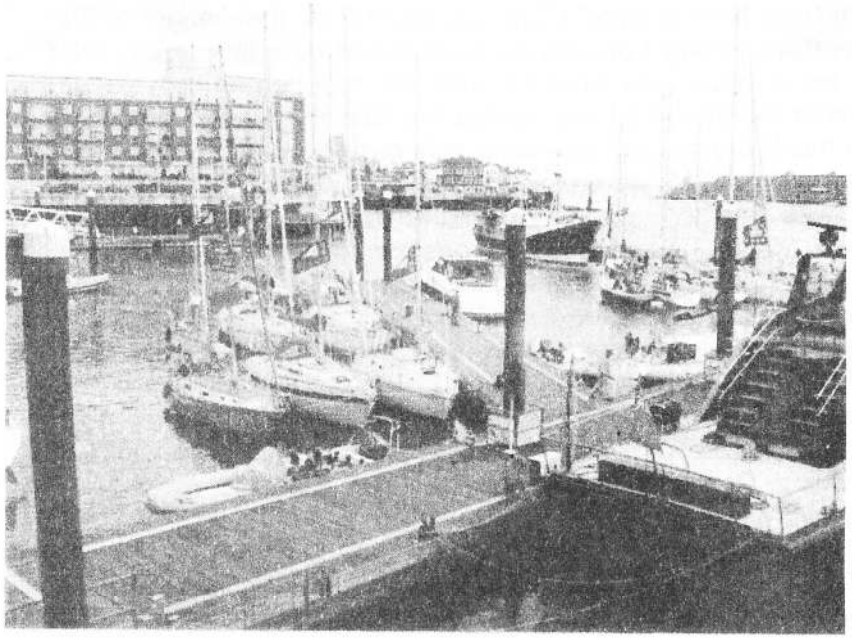
by Brian Dandridge *(Sycorax)*

Saturday evening in Gunwharf Quay was grey and chilly but there was warm hospitality on board *Intrepid*, one of several new boats in CCRC this year. Bob and Sue invited the Club on board for an excellent Pimms party and an attempt to see how many club members it would take to sink a Maxi 1000 or at least fill the stern locker. The next morning dawned bright and sunny with light variable winds and at around 9.30 our Race Officer, Keith Feltham, set off to take up position at Gleeds for the start of the day's race to Beaulieu.

By the time the two CCRC fleets massed around the Race Officer the winds were fickle but cloud was welling up from the west. Initially, Keith set a course with a north westerly first leg followed by a zig-zag down the Solent to finish at Raymarine, off the entrance to Beaulieu River. However, with moments to go before the Beta fleet warning signal he announced a postponement as the wind swung right round to the south east, and then quickly announced an alternative first mark – Outer Spit, and the day's proceedings got under way without further delay.

It should be noted that a number of the Beta fleet need to brush up on their starts as with one minute to go two boats thought they had started whilst another was well back from the line and, when the gun went, was advised -- "go for it, you have started!" All will remain nameless.

Ten minutes later the Alpha fleet got away and, along with *Sareema*, *Jo Jo Gunne*, *Gunshot*, *Exeat*, *Markova* and *Mantra*. I am delighted to say *Sycorax* made a great start. The winds were



The CCRC fleets at Gunwharf Quay (Photo: Gerry Dandridge)

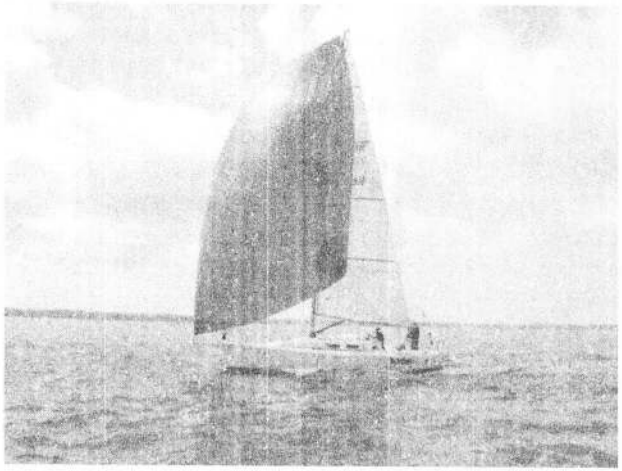
still very light but, at least at this point, consistent. We beat out to the first mark and slowly built up a lead enabling us to reach the mark well clear of *Jo Jo*. The next leg was a long close reach down to Craftinsure.Com. We knew Richard and Pam would carry their kite so decided we had to get ours up first to stand any chance. It went up and with Andy Reynolds trimming, we were just able to hold it. Inevitably *Jo Jo* caught up and went past us off Ryde Sands but, at that stage, didn't pull away too quickly. Behind we could see the kites of *Gunshot*, *Exeat* and *Markova* in pursuit.

Craftinsure was a gybe mark but looking at the angles other boats were sailing I did not think we would be able to carry the kite so a drop was ordered and we rounded under No 1. *Gunshot* rounded next but carried her kite and started to close. With much urging, our spinnaker was re-packed and readied for its second hoist as we crossed the shipping lane to Browndown. This was another gybe mark for the next leg of the zig- zag course (Keith – were you responsible for convoy escorts in WW2?). Across to Daks we started to pull away from *Gunshot* once more but could see *Exeat* and *Markova* were not that far behind her, both with spinnakers flying well. We didn't see much of *Mantra* or *Sareema* – both were lightly crewed and elected not to use their kites in the very close hauled legs. In fact with the strong winds forecast for the following day and his two kids on board our Commodore decided to give Beaulieu a miss and retired from the race.

At Daks I felt certain we should change from kite to No 1. However, as we tried to get it up, the halyard jammed and foredeck crew Tony Salzman, with the aid of Harry, struggled to sort out the problem. I was very concerned as I could see *Jo Jo* still carrying theirs but hard pressed, the spring tide was now ebbing fast and pushing us west, which meant sailing even closer to lay the course, and there was a freighter at anchor and if I didn't get past ahead of it we would have real problems making up to the mark.

Finally, Tony called out that the problem was sorted and we could go for the No 1, but we had just squeezed past the anchor chain of the freighter and could now bear away so we carried on with the kite to yet another gybe mark – East Bramble. Of course, every time we gybed we had to get the No 1 across to the leeward side in case it was required, so we gybed the No 1 several times without ever getting it up!

Andy Reynolds trimming the kite (Photo: Gerry Dandridge)



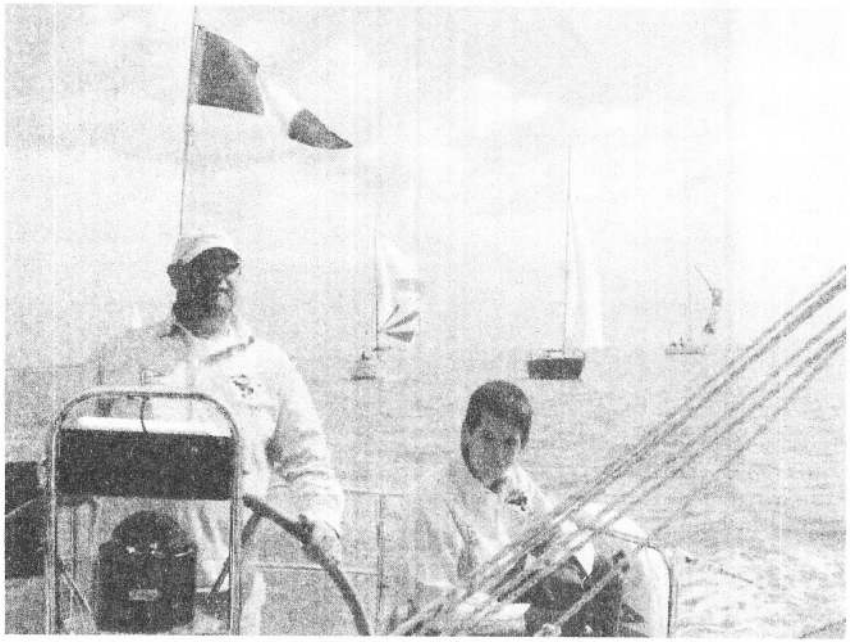
Jo Jo Gunne flies the blue asymmetric (Photo: Gerry Dandridge)

As we sailed from East Bramble to the next mark – Gales HSB, the fifth gybe mark in succession, another challenge loomed. Coming in from the east, a large container ship was heading in our direction. We were under kite, the wind was dropping and the tide was taking us ever more rapidly to the west. I steered as close a course as I could to maintain steerage in the light fickle breeze and make sure I was up tide of the mark in case it dropped completely. All the time we were nervously looking to the east as the container vessel came on. After several minutes we saw that we would be clear but I was not sure if *Gunshot* would make it. In fact they crossed just a few yards ahead – a clear indication that Peter and his crew were inexorably closing in.

Andy Reynolds and Tony Salzman crewing on *Sycorax* with Gunshot astern (Photo: Gerry Dandridge)

Gales HSB -- disaster! We rounded, gybed and stopped. There was absolutely no wind and we sat there with sails flapping unable to make any progress as *Gunshot*, *Exeat* and *Markova* all closed right in behind us. Of course, being first to arrive we had the worst of the tide and were slipping off in the direction of

Cowes. Before we arrived at the mark we had changed from kite to No 1 but this was a mistake, so once again with frantic urging to Gerry and Anne to get the spinnaker packed we readied to get it back up. Slowly we crept out into what breeze there was to head north to Air Canada, but for us the damage was done and the lead we had built up during the first leg had vanished and we knew that on handicap all those around us would be well ahead even if we managed to finish ahead on the water.



Brian at the wheel with Harry Reynolds (Photo: Gerry Dandridge)

Our kite went back up on starboard gybe. When I looked to the east, to my astonishment *Markova* was flying under white sails on port tack! They flew past *Exeat*, *Gunshot* and ourselves to round Air Canada and away. We, meantime, along with the other two boats, found ourselves with the wrong headsail up and on the wrong gybe. We were forced to drop the kite and go bareheaded before we could get a clear foredeck to get the No 1 back up. We were now also down tide of the mark and had to claw our way back to it. With the benefit of being up tide from us *Gunshot* rounded next and got away, whilst we finally made the mark just ahead of *Exeat*.

Now, at last, a real wind filled in and for what turned out to be the final leg of the race, Air Canada to East Lepe, we had to beat in up to 22 knots of apparent wind. Quite a contrast to what had gone before!
At East Lepe we found the Committee Boat on station but motoring hard against the fierce tide. It was a hard and challenging race and my crew were all knackered, to put it mildly. All the kite gybing, hasty repacking, movement of the No 1 from one side of the boat to another, all the excellent work in the first leg trimming the sails to enable us to be first Alpha boat around the mark – last place was poor reward.
Later I asked Gavin of *Markova* what God he had prayed to for the wind that helped them through, 'cause I want some of that! We got our own back the following day, but that is another story.

Gunshot snatches defeat from the jaws of victory

Race report for May bank holiday Monday (Gin's to Chi)
by Di Wallace *(Gunshot)*

After two days of light winds for racing, the early forecasts for bank holiday Monday were predicting the usual rain and wind. At 6.00 it

seemed that this would be the case, but by the time we had headed out to the start the forecast was for SW force 3-4 with gusts of 23-25 knots; definitely *Gunshot* weather. *Slipstream*, our committee boat, was on station at Gleeds, keen that their first stint as race officers should go without a hitch. The Beta fleet was not quite as large as the previous days and opted for a cautious approach to the first leg to B&G with no one hoisting a spinnaker, and, with the strong tides, they soon disappeared into the distance. Several of the Alpha fleet opted for a spinnaker start, including *Gunshot*, *Exeat* and *Sycorax* (who it seemed wanted to ensure that everyone worked off any hangovers by making them haul a full spinnaker up the last 8 feet). *Gunshot* had opted for the reaching spinnaker, which meant we were the only boat to carry a spinnaker for the next leg and for the first time went into the lead. By the forts the winds were more variable, but *Gunshot* was still in the lead. We thought that *Jo Jo* had enjoyed the first lunch in Seaview so much that they were returning for a further visit, whilst Brian still seemed to be having some problems with his spinnaker. If we could keep far enough ahead of *Exeat* we should be home and dry! Only a simple beat to WE and a final leg back to Chi. Anne and Di rushed down to do a final pack of the spinnaker. What happened next must have brought tears of joy to the rest of the Alpha fleet and no little surprise to the race officer. Admittedly the electronics went down (and for some reason the racing chart was not located). Perhaps it was the novelty of being in front for the first time, or the wave we had from a Beta boat as they went round the wrong mark (Bay) which had lost its top mark and name, but *Gunshot* tacked round Bay and set off back to Chi only to realise that other Alpha boats were continuing on to WE. By the time we had revised our course, we finally found ourselves rounding WE with a rather surprised *Markova*. As we finished Ed muttered this immortal phrase "*Gunshot* snatches defeat from the jaws of victory". Need we say more? Congratulations to *Exeat* and to Patrick and Amanda (*Mantra*) for their first victory in Beta.

A reluctant race officer

Race no 5 - Saturday 13 May

by Gavin Marriott (*Markova*)

Those who missed hearing of his plight on channel 72 could be forgiven for thinking that our Race Officer was a reluctant fellow who had to be dragged, perhaps kicking and screaming, to his duty at the start line. In reality, he was probably just kicking and screaming – due to a significant engine problem. His dedication to duty was such that despite having to be towed to and from the start line, the start was postponed for just 15 minutes – a welcome event for those of us (or am I the only one?) who still have not learnt that it always takes much longer than it should to reach the start line adjacent to Chi and settle down.

The start line saw two new boats to CCRC – the wooden and very elegant *Moonspray*, and *Setanta* with its young, all-family crew complete with their excellently behaved spaniel.

The start, at around 10.45hrs in a reasonably brisk breeze, was a beat to the west. How very nice to have the two classes, and the new two-handed series, start together - with a dozen or so yachts crossing the line in fairly close formation, giving the opportunity for some competitive and good fun sailing in the early stages of the race to Cowes.

The long beat west eventually settled into a predictable pattern. *Jo Jo Gunne* soon took the lead, but *Sycorax* was hard on her heels and *Mikado* (surely the most beautiful yacht in the Solent) sailed fast and appeared to make no mistakes.

Blue Tango and *Markova* (who took a curious detour and lowered her mainsail at one stage) enjoyed some close tussling over a couple of legs, and *Temptress* was never far behind.

This was the first of the two-handed series that was entered by *Denecia II, Hellequin, Intrepid, Jo Jo Gunne* and *Mons Meg*, who all demonstrated excellent skills and appeared a good deal fresher than some upon arrival at Shepards Wharf - where the fleet of CCRC boats caused something of a log jam and made it almost possible to step from one side of the wharf across to the other on CCRC boats alone!

Had the writer known before the race on Saturday that he was due to compile this report, he would have tried to pay better attention to the progress of the whole fleet; apologies for those not specifically mentioned. The Alpha fleet included *Jo Jo Gunne, Markova, Mikado, Moonspray, Sycorax*, and *Temptress*, and the Beta fleet included *Blue Tango, Delfini, Denecia II, Hellequin, Intrepid, Mons Meg, Setanta* and *Slipstream*. A really excellent turn-out, and a thoroughly enjoyable day's sailing as a result.

The view from the rear of the fleet

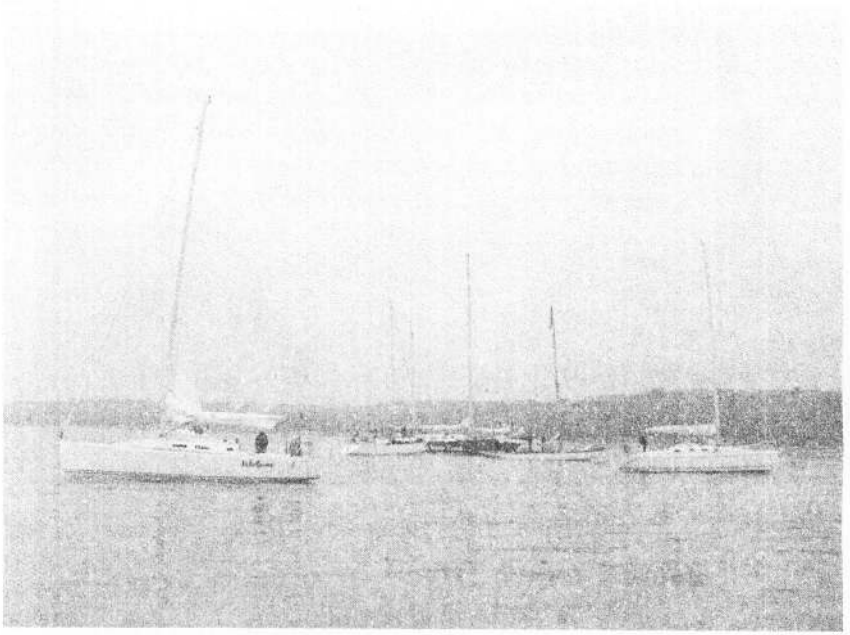
Sunday 14 May

by Stuart King (*Slipstream*)

Sunday morning arrived very quietly in Cowes with the fleet's battle flags looking very limp. Getting out from our tight corner in Shepards Wharf in front of a large audience was the first test of the day. The fleet congregated around DAKS and the nearby OYC John Laing and drifted about. It was a race officer's worse nightmare, no wind.

Mikado decided to move the fleet to Gleeds and whilst en route, a steady 12 knots of wind from the SE filled in. A good call by *Mikado*. Both fleets started at 1045hrsGleeds to Cambrian Wk to Winner to Dean Tail to Dean Elbow, back to Winner and finish at Chi.

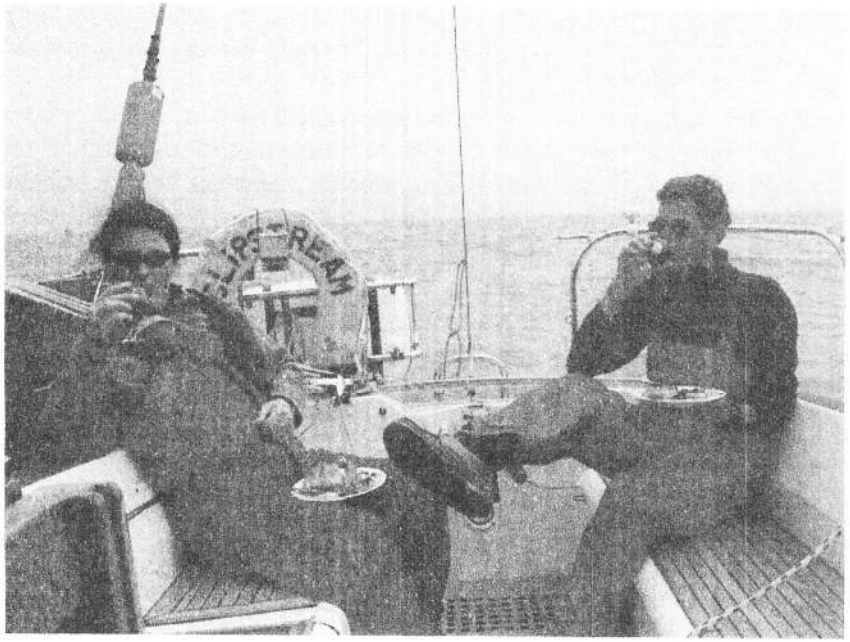
Slipstream's plan was to go for a port-tack flyer and slip through the gaps in the fleet coming across on starboard (it works in dinghies!) into clean air and the right hand side of the beat. It was a plan but we had not allowed for both fleets coming together and without the usual gaps



Race Officer's nightmare - no wind (Photo: Judi King)

that we have come to expect in the Beta fleet. Damn! We had to bear away to allow the closely packed fleet to go in front and pass behind *Blue Tango* who then tacked on top of us. We tacked onto starboard to get into clear air and noticed that Gleeds buoy was still within spitting distance! Stupid plan! Most of the fleet went up the left hand side of the beat with about a third of the boats going up the right. Visibility was moderate to poor and we lost track of what was happening up front. By

the time we approached Cambrian Wk buoy we could see something of a procession going round it: *Intrepid* followed by *Allegro*, then *Denecia* and *Moonspray*, the rest of the fleet was out of sight. Cambrian Wk to Winner was a fetch with the wind remaining 12 to 14 knots with only *Denecia* and *Moonspray* remaining in view. Now we hatched



Slipstream takes a lunch break (Photo: Judi King)

another cunning plan. We did not want another Gurnard Ledge experience (See last year's race to Lymington – Slipstream rtd). We decided to head east on starboard tack to get well up tide of Dean Tail whilst out of the main stream according to our tidal atlas. We now lost all contact with the fleet until we tacked up to the mark and found that we were able to bear away and make the mark. That part of the plan

worked but we were still at the back. With no spinnaker to have to deal with on the downwind leg to Dean Tail, we had lunch. We made progress from Dean Tail to Winner as we sailed higher than and overtook *Moonspray* who seemed to be having difficulties with the cruising chute. We passed Chi with *Moonspray* well astern. More *Moonspray's* difficulties than our skill.

We enjoyed a brisk sail up to Itchenor with afternoon tea and cake and passed by Caroline and Martin's weekend cottage aka *Arcadia*. They had spent the weekend getting ready for the Spring Cruise. Polishing the winches, mowing the lawn, trimming the bay trees either side of the companionway and training the honeysuckle over the coachroof. And very nice she looks too. *Slipstream* had a great weekend, good company and sailing. Thank you *Saphire* and *Mikado* for the races.
Stuart, Judi and Ciara on *Slipstream*

A CCRC wedding

Patrick Marshall and Amanda Jukes (*Mantra*)
by Pam Marrs (*Jo Jo Gunne*)

Friday 12 May turned into a magical day not only for Pat and Amanda but also for those who were guests at their wedding. The weather came up trumps - hot, sunny and balmy with the ceremony taking place at Chichester and the reception at Hayling Island Sailing Club.

It was during the reception we learnt more about Amanda's life prior to joining CCRC: events such as recording excellent times in two London Marathons, walking to the summit of Mount Kilimanjaro and competing in the Global Challenge, to name but a few. Patrick will now have to have walking boots and maybe even a pair of trainers in addition to his well loved wellies!

After a great wedding celebration overseen by *Mantra*, dressed overall on the HISC visitors' buoy, *Mantra* miraculously appeared alongside the jetty, enabling the happy couple to step lightly onboard and drift away into the night and their new life together.

CCRC Trophy Winners 2005

Race	Alpha Trophy	Beta Trophy
Season 1	*Mantra*: Cohoe Hook	*Samurai*: Quarter ton
Season 2	*Sareema*: Gunshot Shell	*Arwen*: Mons Meg Ditty Box
Season 4	*Mikado*: Shearwater	*Louise*: Cowan Trophy
Season 5	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Jubilee A	*Penrose*: Jubilee B
Season 6	*Mikado*: Rosebowl	*Louise*: Goblet
Season 7	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Conservation A	*The Harribelle*: Conservation B
Season 8	no starters: Harriet Shackman	*Kandy*: Davis Cup
Season 9	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Kinross Bucket A	*Markova*: Kinross Bucket B
Season overall	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Sea Trophy	*Arwen*: Decanter
Highest Season Series points but not having won a race	*Gunshot*: Storm Cup	*Mons Meg*: Major Gamble Trophy
Best Newcomer	*Blue Tango*: Walter Brown Teapot	
Spring Mini Series		

Race 2	*Mikado*: RNLI Pennant	*Jezebel*: RNLI Pennant
Race 3	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Cruiser A	*Arcadia*: Cruiser B
Series overall	*Mikado*: Commodore's Cup A	*Jezebel*: Commodore's Cup B
Summer Mini Series		
Series overall	*Mikado*: Tray	*Samurai*
Autumn Mini Series		
Series overall	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Coffee Pot	*Kandy*: Silva Decanter
Bramidge	*Gunshot*: Bottle	*Arcadia*: Bramidge
Pursuit	*Sycorax*: Citron Presse	
Ladies	*Jo Jo Gunne*: Salver	*Blue Tango*: Plate
Crews	abandoned no wind Goldeneye Decanter	Marrs Mug
Best result in 'Round the Island'	*Sareema*: Courtney Trophy	*Mikado*: Marigold Trophy
Cruise competitions		
Boules	*Green Pepper*	
Golf	W Leslie G Marchand	
Driftwood challenge	*Denecia*	

Crew Register

Many of our skippers are looking for crew, so if you are interested in sailing with CCRC please join our Crew Register. Don't worry if your experience is limited – we were all new to sailing once. Please fill in this form and send it to Hugh Caldwell, 3 North Close, Wade Court, Havant, Hants., PO9 2TE.

Name
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Address.....
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Age.....
Previous sailing experience.....

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Telephone Home.....
Office.....

E-mail .....

Chichester Cruiser Racing Club

Application for Membership

Name.....
Address.....
.....
.....

Telephone (day).....(evening).....
E-mail.....
Occupation.....
Name of yacht .....
(Please note multihulls are not eligible)
Class.....Sail number.....
Where moored .....
Membership of other yacht clubs
.....
.....

My cheque for £50 (full member) or £15 (crew member) is enclosed to cover my subscription for one year. I understand this will be returned if I am not elected.

Signature.....Date.....

Please send this form to the Secretary: Pam Marrs, 42 Bracklesham Road, Hayling Island, Hants PO11 9SJ.

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